LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

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STRIKE UP THE BAND!

Shine up your dancing shoes and oil your kneecaps, for the coolest, swingin'est band in the land is coming your way. I refer, of course, to Ralph Marterie and his Marlboro Men.

Ralph, as he is affectionately called, has been ringing the bell all over the country with his records and personal appearances, and I know you will all want to be ready for Ralph, as he is jocularly referred to, when he hits your campus. This means you must know all the lyrics to the songs Ralph, as he is drolly yclept, will be playing, for there is nothing more pleasing to your dancing partner than singing loudly in his ear during a number.

In case you should forget all the lyrics, don't be dull about it. I mean, don't just sing drab old syllables like *la, la, la* or *dum de dum*. Pick more interesting syllables—like *slimp gans* or *kretch dinkle* or *mlath roke*. Say, for instance, that Ralph, as he is hoydenishly designated, is playing *That Old Black Magic* and you can't recall all the lyrics. Try singing this:

That old kretch dinkle
Has me in its mlath
That old kretch dinkle
That I slimp so gans
Those icy dinkles
Running down my slimp
That old kretch dinkle
When your roke means
mine . . . etc.

Another way to please your partner while you dance is to tell him interesting facts about the composers whose songs Ralph, as he is impishly termed, will be playing. For instance:

1. Irving Berlin's name spelled backwards is Gnivri Nilreb.

2. Rodgers and Hammerstein can only write music while whitewashing a fence.

3. One of our greatest songs was written because the wife of an impoverished composer came home one afternoon with a cantaloupe and a dog named Lassie. "Why did you bring home a cantaloupe and a dog named Lassie?" said the composer. "For the baby," replied the wife. The composer grew furious. "Here we are flat broke," he cried, "and you come home with a melon for the baby, a collie for the baby!" Then, suddenly struck with an inspiration, he rushed to the piano and wrote *Melancholy Baby*.

4. Cole Porter writes all his songs with a popsicle stick on the side of a horse.

5. Hoagy Carmichael's hobby is spelling Irving Berlin's name backwards.

If you dig music, you'll be at Ralph Marterie's dance . . . And if you dig cigarettes, you'll be smoking Marlboros. Why? Better makin's, that's why. More filter—more flavor—more cigarette. It's

a combination you can't beat—Marlboro plus Marterie. A swingin' band, a swingin' smoke, a swingin' evening for students of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

Be there. Hear?

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To Old Max's invitation, the makers of Marlboro add a second chorus. If you like mildness but don't like filters, then your smoke is Philip Morris (Marlboro's mild, unfiltered sister cigarette). Filtered Marlboro or Filter-free Philip Morris—pick your pleasure.

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